

Bridgeport, Connecticut October 11, 1893

My dear Albert,

Your good letter came last night and we were all pleased to hear from you. We think you have improved a good deal since you wrote the last letter. This was very plain and it makes grandpa laugh. He could not make you a gun and he said I must find one for you downtown. Mary and I went down to Mr. Reed's store today and we found just one small gun, so we bought it for your birthday and hope that you will enjoy it real well. I hope it will not get broken in the mailbag. I will go down in the morning and mail it and hope you will get it next Sunday. I hope that you will like your new school and learn many good things. Don't ever point your gun toward Carl, or any other child, for you might injure someone firing sticks or stones. Perhaps you get some cattails to make them of, in the sloughs.

Mary and I went with Mrs. Lyons to dinner yesterday. They all sent love to you all. Mary goes to school forenoons. I shall not send her in cold, rough weather. We have not seen any frost yet and all the yards look bright. Your plants have given us such pleasure. The dahlias are full of flowers, mostly pearl color. They fell on the grass and morning glories run all over them. They look beautiful. The Lantana grew large and covered with flowers.

It is 10 o'clock, goodnight my dear Albert. We all wish you a real happy birthday. 9 years sounds big, don't it?

From Grandma.

Thursday morning. Bright and warm – wonderful weather! Mary has gone to school. She goes with Fannie and to Sunday school too. Mary and little Lillian ran up together and bumped heads awful hard. Made Lillian's nose bleed hard and Mary has quite a tender bump on her forehead. Grandpa Smith on Grove St. was buried yesterday.

I am going to the post office now with your gun for Grandpa could not leave his work to go. He only had 24 hours work last week and it is the same now. Mr. & Mrs. Strong and Belle are coming next Tuesday – your birthday.

Bridgeport Conn. Nov. 24, 1893.

Dear Albert, — I have not wrote for a long time. If you are thinking about the army we had it was no good. I am Pres. of the Bridgeport Yacht Club or the B. Y. C. We raced a boy and beat him his name is Harold Sawyer. Perhaps you know him. I will name the members of the B. Y. C. There are 7

1. Charles Lynch. Treas. & Sec.
2. Robbie Barrows. Pres.
3. Bert Barrows.
4. George Rew
5. Stuart Hunter.
6. Cliff Close, Secy and racing master.
7. Harold Van Heren

I don't know for sure about Harold Van Heren.

All the rest are steadfast.

We have .50¢ in money for B. Y. C.

Do you have much fun out there.
Do you live near ~~the~~ Elk Lake?
The Miss. river runs there. The school-
teacher wants to know
I wish you lived where you used
to.

I miss you on Saturdays when Charley
is away.

I don't find it so much now as I did
first

Do hard times affect you much?
This winter day by to shovel walks
and save the money for 4th of July.
We are going to have a Snow ball
this winter. The B.Y.C. are going to
have a magic lantern show on
Dec. 1, 1893 at 3rd administration.

We have club meetings every
Thursday in a month. We had a meeting
Friday night after school down to
Charley's house. Write soon. We live at

903 La ck Rock Ave
Bridgport Conn
Robbie Barrow
Write
Soon.

Christmas
mas

Bridgeport Conn., Dec. 27, 1893.
Dear Albert

I don't think it will surprise you anyway if I don't send any money - I have saved 5th for the 1st of July. I started saving Dec. 16, 1893. We have started another army there are 14 in it now I can't find the paper the names are on but I'll write as many as I can.

Edward Hunter
Charles Lynch
John G. Linn
Rob. Barrows

All of those are officers
Stacy is capt of 1 Reg,
& Charlie is capt of 2 Reg,
me and Johnny Giblin
are side captins. Both
Steve Bamore are flag
bearers. here are the rest
Bert Burrows

Steve Bamore
Rob Bamore
Frank McLaughlin
Andy Giblin
Walt Campbell
George Reev
Sam Reev
Harry Pite
Cliff Jones

I thought of all the names
I wish you wash down
so you could be in it.
I got a sound, a book the
name is the 'Balthus'

fields of 101st to handkerchiefs
and a mustache card and a
tugger. It seems like
fish horn. To get to get
race course. You pull
out a little hamster
and it goes around.
Can get a big doll and a
little one. He brought the
head yesterday. She
expects to sleep with the
of July night. If it don't
Charlie, Stewart, Rob, Ben
Stur, Bert, and my
self. I hope I can and all
the family. I wish I knew
some way to earn
money. What was you
doing with that pig you
said you borrowed of the
scholar? What do you
do with your colt?

Can you write home
back? wish I was out there
with you pray that you
wish you was with me
You miss lots of things
perhaps I miss some
things out there. Does
your uncle see what
or how does he make
his living? this paper
won't hold any more
write soon and
send me your
address.

Your friend

Rob. Cameron

90 Blackfoot St.

Bridgeway

Conn.

Thanks Albert, you dear little boy, for remembering to write me. Am glad to hear you have been doing such piles of work since you returned to dear old Minnesota. Give my very best regards to your dear little Ma, to Grandpa and Grandma, to my little sister Emma, and her husband, brother Dahlberg, and a good many kisses to dear little Carl and Ruth and all those other little cousins and relations. May the dear good Lord bless you every one. Yes, I know your birthday is near. It may even reach you before this letter does and though we cannot reach you this time with any good substantial presents, we wish you much blessing and many returns of a real happy birthday. But now we ___ to say something about that cross-gun. I feel now more than ever that you deserve a good cross-gun. Am glad to hear you are soon to commence school. Learn to read and spell well. Then you have a splendid start in life. And I hope you will learn to speak and write well. The Swede language as well, as that would be a great help to you and especially if you should chance to spend a part of your years in the west. Bob and Bert Barrows are just the same good jolly fellows. Not long ago there was a Wild West show came along here with a lot of cowboys and Indians and now every boy on the street is either a cowboy or an Indian and Saturdays they have a great time. Put up a tent on the lot near Mr. Orton's and have a great powwow and they have a little cart with a big high boy on it, dress up 2 or 3 little fellers like Indians, put them on top. Half a dozen larger ones haul the cart. Then they form a street parade, and start off – the Indians capering around and cutting up, the cow fellers flourishing their guns and wearing broad-brimmed hats. Pretty slick. Oh, hold on a minute. Mary and Grandma have gone upstairs to bed and I'm here all by myself. If a cowboy or Indian should yell at me now wouldn't it scare me awful? Mary comes down in the morning just as I'm building the fire and says booooo just as she used to. ----- That means it's morning now. Grandma is flying round frying cakes and Mary hurrying to get ready for breakfast and say now where's my stocking !!! Now where's my shoes !!! O dear – now get hot water ready. Thank you – write again quick. Gram.